

## The second part of

Staying no longer question. *Earle* Ha? againe,  
Said he, yong Harry Percies spur was cold,  
Of Hot-spurre, Cold-spurre, that rebellion  
Had met ill lucke?

*Bard.* My lord, Ile tell you what,  
If my yong Lord your sonne, haue not the day,  
Vpon mine honor for a silken point,  
Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.

*Earle* Why should that gentleman that rode by Trauers,  
Giue then such instances of losse?

*Bard.* Who he?  
He was some hilding fellow that had stolne  
The horse he rode on, and vpon my life  
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Mour-*

*Earle* Yea this mans brow, like to a title lease, *son.*  
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,  
So lookes the strond, whereon the imperious floud,  
Hath left a witnest vsurpation,  
Say Mourton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mour.* I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,  
Where hatefull death put on his vglyest maske,  
To fright our partie.

*Earle* How doth my sonne and brother?  
Thou tremblest, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,  
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,  
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritleffe,  
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe begon,  
Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,  
And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:  
But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,  
And I, my Percies death, ere thou reportst it.  
This thou wouldst say, Your son did thus and thus,  
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Dowglas,  
Stopping my greedy care with their bold deedes,  
But in the end, to stop my care indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with brother, sonne, and all are dead. *Mour.*

## Henry the fourth.

*Mour.* Douglas is liuing, and your brother yet,  
But for my Lord your sonne:

*Earle* Why he is dead?  
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath!  
He that but feares the thing hee would not know,  
Hath by instinct, knowledge from others eies,  
That what he seard is chanced: yet speake Mourton,  
Tell thou an Earle, his diuination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweete disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mour.* You are too great to be by me gainesaid,  
Your spirite is too true, your feares too certaine.

*Earle* Yet for all this, say not that Percie's dead,  
I see a strange confession in thine eie,  
Thou shakst thy head, and holdst it feare, or sinne,  
To speake a truth: if he be slaine,  
The tongue offends not that reports his death,  
And he doth sinne that doth belie the dead,  
Not he which saies the dead is not aliue,  
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome newes  
Hath but a loosing office, and his tongue  
Sounds euer after as a sullen bell,  
Remembred tolling a departing friend.

*Bard.* I cannot thinke, my Lord, your sonne is dead.

*Mour.* I am sory I should force you to belecue,  
That which I would to God I had not scene,  
But these mine eies saw him in bloudy state,  
Rending faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,  
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat downe  
The neuer daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he neuer more sprung vp.  
In few his death, whose spirite lent a fire,  
Euen to the dullest peasant in his campe,  
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,  
From the best temperd courage in his troopes,  
For from his mettall was his party steeled,

Which